

The Support Worker of Emile Durkheim House

happened to meet Joe on my way home, all dressed up and insouciant, and told him to fuck himself. Then he started to work in the store, and a little later I started to work in the House, though not without nearly starving first. Joe never visited me, though I often saw him pass my yard, with its pathetic sale, as carefree as ever.

I was glad to see him. I still wanted to rub his back.

We chatted for a few minutes on the porch. I was afraid if I let him in, we'd trade places again. I offered him fifty bucks, and expressed the wish that he be more affectionate (i.e., let me rub his back). He said he would. Suddenly Charlene escalated and threw a bunch of old shoes over the balcony into the yard. It was some sort of commentary on us. Joe asked me to escort him out of the yard and to say good-bye to him out of sight of the camera. He didn't know, they didn't record anything. I did it.

THIS WAY TO YOUR

Last spring Adam and I went with Gabriel to the annual general meeting. It was a rubber stamp. The manager presented the budget and asked for someone to move that it be accepted. She looked around the auditorium. No one stirred. Finally Gabriel stood up. "I just want to say," he began. Adam tugged at his sleeve. "Just say you move that we accept it." He did.